

H. L., C.
A
LETTER
FROM THE
DUBLIN Apothecary
TO THE
Cork Surgeon;
On the Subject

OF AN
INVASION
OF
IRELAND

By the French.

DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year, M, DCC, LIX.

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THE
Dublin Apothecary's
LETTER
TO THE
Cork Surgeon.

SIR,

THERE have been of late, many Rumours of the Intention of our common Enemy to invade IRELAND, that I cannot refuse renewing on so alarming an Occasion, the Correspondence which formerly subsisted between us,

PROSCRIBED

PROSCRIBED and exiled as I am my native Country, I am still anxious for her Interests; and for her feel all the Affection which the *best* of Countries could exact from the most grateful of Sons.

I SHALL deliver then my Sentiments on the present critical Situation, boldly and freely. To be under the least Restraint, on so important a Subject, would argue the highest Pusillanimity; and to fear the Frowns of the Great, even of *ermine'd Villains*, or ALDERMANIC *Tyrants*, would at once proclaim me an illegitimate Son of IRELAND.

THAT the *French* intend to invade *some* Part of his Majesty's Dominions, is, I believe, manifest; And it is equally evident, that *Despair*, not *Courage*, must be their impelling Principle for so hazardous, so bold an Undertaking.

CHASED

CHASED on all Sides by their martial Foe, and every Quarter of the World bearing evident Marks of their Defeat; their People discontented; their Sinews of War relaxed; and their Monarch himself tottering on his Throne; they are now, as it were, *compelled* to strike some bold Stroke, the Refuge of *Extremity*, and not the Result of *Valour*.

LET them come on; ----- Let GALLIC Slaves, daring to tread on BRITISH OR HIBERNIAN Plains, face *free-born Subjects*, and let Heaven decide the Combat! Let our *own* Kingdoms, as well as *foreign* Climes, be Witnesses to the Valour of her Sons, and shew the admiring World what they are capable of effecting.

I COULD almost wish that such an Event was to happen, that we might see how our Fellow Subjects would behave. Public Danger is the Test of public

public Virtue; and noble Actions at such a Period, would more clearly testify unshaken Loyalty, and invincible Fortitude, than all the fine Speeches in the World.

I AM inclinable to believe, my dear Surgeon, that in such a *Fiery Ordeal*, the Virtue of a Number of Your Compatriots would be proper to be tried, Whether, like Silver seven Times purified, it would come clearer from the Fire, I am much in Doubt; but, on the contrary, have a firm Opinion, that it would clearly reveal some Things, which, at present, we can only suspect.

THE People here entertain strange Notions of the *Politicians* on Your Side of the Water; but they have a high Esteem of Your *Warriors*. They say, that the Courage of the latter has been frequently demonstrated; but that an *IRISH POLITICIAN* is an *Ænigma* they

they cannot solve.

I CAN assure You, the P***** of IRELAND is much talked of here; and the Abilities and Integrity of the Members who compose it, are as much canvassed, as doubted. Even Yourself is sometimes the Subject of Debate; and when it is recollected, that in Times of yore, when Patriotism, and Loyalty, and the *Country Interest*, breathed in all Your Discourses, and animated Your whole Deportment; when

“ You’d rail at *Cæsar* till you shook the Senate,”

it is lamented that any Thing should put a Stop to the Exertion of so much Eloquence, and so much Wisdom.

I WAS in Company the other Day, with a Gentleman, who formerly thought that his Country’s Glory was a *Duty*; that two and two made four; and that five and five were ten. He told

told me, that at such Time, he composed a Multitude of Orations with the Pen of a CICERO, and pronounced them in Parlement with all the Fire of a DEMOSTHENES. I asked him why he did not do so still: He answered, --- MY MOUTH IS STOPPED.--- A strange Speech for a Man to make who had been haranguing to me without Intermission, three or four Hours! The Meaning of it, however, was, that he had a *P.....n*, and was made a *Com-----r* of the *Rev---e*: A sure Method of *stopping the Mouths of the most Eloquent!* ---

I SHALL leave you, SIR, to make what Reflections on this *true Story* You think proper. And am,

4. AP 54 Yours, &c.

LONDON, 15 Nov. 1759

C. L.

